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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

SPONTINI.

[From the French of M. Hector Berlioz.]

On the 14th of November, 1779, was born at Marjolati, near Jesi, in the Marche d'Ancone, a child named GASPARD SPONTINI. All that I know concerning the earlier years of Spontini, and which I have myself heard him relate, are confined to a few facts, which I will reproduce, without however attaching to them more importance than they deserve. When he was between twelve and thirteen years of age he went to Naples to enter the Conservatorio della Pietà. Was it at the desire of the child that his parents opened to him the gates of this celebrated school of music? or did his father, doubtless reduced in circumstances, think by entering him there to open to him an easy as well as a modest career, intending perhaps to make him chapel-master to some convent or church of second rank? Which of these motives might have actuated him, I know not. I willingly incline, however, to the second hypothesis, having in view the disposition for a

religious life manifested by the other members of the Spontini family. One of the brothers was the curé of a Roman village, the other (Anselme Spontini) died a monk a few years since in a Venetian monastery, if I recollect aright, and his sister also finished her days in a convent, where she had taken the veil.

Be it as it may, his studies were sufficiently fruitful at La Pietà to enable him to write as many did, one of those follies, decorated in Italy, as elsewhere, with the pompous name of *opera*, which had for title: "*I puntiglie delle donne*." I do not know whether this first attempt was ever represented or not. Nevertheless it inspired its author with sufficient ambition and confidence in his own talents to induce him to fly from the Conservatory, and repair to Rome, where he hoped to encounter less difficulty than at Naples in the producing of his pieces upon the stage. The fugitive was soon caught, however, and under penalty of being reconducted to Naples was required to justify his *escapade*, and the pretensions which had caused it, by writing a carnival-piece. He had given him a libretto, entitled "*Gli amanti in cimento*," which he promptly set to music, and which was almost immediately represented with success. The public behaved to the young maestro with the enthusiasm common to Romans on such occasions. Moreover, his age and the episode of his flight had disposed the dilettanti in his favor. Spontini was applauded, called out, carried in triumph, and—forgotten in a fortnight. This brief success obtained for him at least his liberty. He was dispensed from returning to the Conservatorio, and received a very advantageous offer to go and *write*, as they say in Italy, at Venice. Here he is then, emancipated, left to himself, after a short abode in the classes of the Neapolitan Conservatory.

Here we think it most fit to attempt to clear up the doubt concerning the question which very naturally presents itself: "Who was his master?" Some say Father Martini—who died before the entrance of Spontini into the Conservatorio, and I believe myself even before he was born. Others, a certain Baroni, whom he may have known at Rome; others still ascribe the honor of his musical education to Sala, to Traetta, and even to Cimarosa.

I have not had the curiosity to question Spontini upon this subject, and he never appeared disposed to speak about it to me. But I have clearly recognized and received as an avowal in

his conversation that the real masters of the author of *La Vestale*, *Cortez*, and *Olympio* were the masterpieces of Gluck, which he first became acquainted with on his arrival in Paris in 1813, and which he studied with passion. As to the author of the numerous Italian operas, the list of which I am to give, I think it of little importance to know what master taught him the manner of composing them. The manners and customs of the Italian lyric theatres of that time are faithfully observed, and the first-comes of the *musicastres* of his country might easily have furnished him with a formula which already at that epoch was the secret of comedy. But to speak only of Spontini the Great. I believe that not only Gluck, but also Mehul, who had already written his admirable *Euphrosine*, and Cherubini, by his first French operas, developed in him the latent germ of his dramatic functions, and hastened its magnificent development.

On the contrary, I do not find in his works any trace of the influence which, in a purely musical point of view, the German masters, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven might have exercised over him. The latter was hardly known by name in France, when Spontini arrived there; and the *Vestale* and *Cortez* already were achieving brilliant triumphs at the Grand Opera of Paris, when their author visited Germany for the first time. No, instinct alone in Spontini guided him, and suddenly revealed to him in the use of vocal and instrumental masses, and in the *enchainement* of modulations, so many riches unknown, or at least less resorted to in theatrical compositions by his predecessors. We will soon see what was the result of his innovations, and how they drew down upon him the hatred of his compatriots, as well as that of the French musicians.

Resuming the thread of my biographical sketch, I must confess my ignorance with regard to the actions of young Spontini after he had produced at Venice his third opera. I am no better informed as to the theatre at which he brought forward those operas which followed his third. Without doubt they were as little productive of money as of glory, for he resolved to seek his fortune in France, without being called thither by the public voice, nor by a powerful protection.

We know the titles of some thirteen or fourteen Italian scores composed by Spontini during the seven years which followed his first and ephemeral success at Rome. They are: *L'Amor*

secreto; l'Isola disabitata; l'Eroismo ridicolo; Teseo riconosciuto; la Finta Filosofo; la Fuga in maschera; I Quadri parlanti; il finto Pittore; gli Elisi delusi; il Geloso e l'Audace; le Metamorfosi di Pasquale; Chi più guarda non vede; la Principessa d'Amalfi; Berenice.

He preserved in his library the MSS, and even the printed libretti of all these pale compositions, which he sometimes showed to his friends with a disdainful smile, as the playthings of his musical infancy.

On his arrival in Paris, Spontini, I believe, suffered much. He contrived to eke out an existence by giving music-lessons, and obtained the representation at the *Théâtre Italien* of his *Finta Filosofo*, which was favorably received. Notwithstanding what most of his biographers say upon the subject, I believe that the opera of *Milton* of M. Jouy, was the first attempt of Spontini to French words, and that it immediately preceded the insignificant work entitled, *Julie, ou le Pot de Fleurs*.

On the engraved title pages of these two scores we find, indeed, that *Milton* was represented at the *Opera Comique* on the 27th of November, 1804, and that *Julie* appeared March 12, 1805. *Milton* was pretty well received. *Julie*, on the contrary, broke down beneath the weight of the public indifference, like a thousand other productions of the same stamp, which are daily born, and die, without attracting the notice of any one. One air alone has been preserved by the vaudeville theatres; that is the air: *Il a donc fallu pour la gloire*. The celebrated actor Elleiron, became quite attached to Spontini, and wishing to furnish him with an opportunity for a *revanche*, he procured for him a libretto for a comic opera in three acts: *La Petite Maison*, which the imprudent musician had the weakness to accept. *La Petite Maison* was so completely damned that not a trace of it remains. The representation was not even finished. Elleiron played an important part, and, indignant at one or two isolated hisses, he forgot himself so far as to make a contemptuous gesture to the audience. A most frightful tumult was the result; the enraged pit rushed upon the orchestra, drove away the musicians and destroyed everything that came to hand.

After this double failure of the young composer, every door would necessarily be closed against him. But still he had a high protection, that of the Empress Josephine. She was good to her word; and it is certainly to her alone, that the genius of Spontini, about to be extinguished even before its rising, owed its power two years later to make its wondrous ascension into the heaven of Art. For a long time M. Jouy had preserved in his portfolio a poem for a grand opera, *La Vestale*, refused by Méhul and by Cherubini; Spontini solicited it so eagerly that the author at last decided to give it up to him.

Poor, cried down by the throng of musicians of Paris, Spontini forgot everything, and descended with eagle swoop upon his rich prey. He shut himself up in a wretched garret, neglected his pupils, and regardless of the first necessities of life, he applied himself to his work with that feverish ardor, that trembling passion, sure indications of the eruption of his musical volcano.

[To be continued.]

"Mozart's scores are the fairest in existence; but few as are his blots, he has given us no reason to wish he had blotted more."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Military Music.

A REASON FOR ITS DEGENERACY—PROPOSED PLAN FOR A CITY BAND.

DEAR DWIGHT.—Allow me to draw on your patience and good nature while I refer once more to the subject of military music. I have been told that other, and more practical reasons, exist for the degenerate condition of our street bands, than those suggested in my communication of last week. And a principal one is, that, in most cities possessing abundant material for the purpose, there is not sufficient occupation for a band of proper construction and dimensions, to warrant the trouble and expense of keeping it up; in other words, *it don't pay*.

This is, no doubt, the true and plain statement of the case. On the ordinary occasions for street music, a few pieces only are engaged, for the very good reason that the price of more cannot well be afforded. Consequently, those few must be of the ear-splitting order, that lack of numbers and variety may be made up in noise. And I see no present probability of a change in this state of things, in our own city.

There appears, then, to my mind, but one way in which we can hope to obtain a properly organized force for out-door music, with a full complement of instruments,—and that is to enlist the patronage of the city in its support. Let an association be formed, which shall be called the Municipal or Metropolitan Band, if you please, with the stipulation that it shall be employed on all occasions of city celebrations, and the like, and to play for the benefit of the music-loving public two or three times a week, or oftener, upon the Common, in the pleasant evenings of summer.

No injustice would be done by this plan to any of the organizations for street music that now exist; for on all occasions of public demonstrations, the whole resident force, and more, will be called into requisition, besides. Nor do I mean any disparagement, by this proposition, to the various bands we already possess. They are excellent of their kind, and will, I venture to say, vie in superiority with those of any other city in the Union, so far as they go. But to produce the intended effect of a full instrumental band, in the open air, requires, as I stated in a previous communication, a combination of instruments, differing in kind and far exceeding in numbers any that, at present, exist amongst us.

An organization of the kind in question should number, at least, thirty pieces, exclusive of the instruments of percussion. Objections will, no doubt, be raised on the score of expense. To this I would reply that, in many ways, enough of needless, or, to say the least, questionable expenditures by the city, can be saved every year to provide for the enjoyment of the public, a band equal in capacity and in excellence to any on the Continent of Europe.

Say, citizens of Boston, shall not the attempt be made to carry into execution some such plan as is here proposed? There is especial reason why in this, rather than in most other cities, such a project should succeed. There are scores of excellent musicians who leave us every summer, for lack of employment, and who would gladly remain and labor with a will, as active members of the association, for moderate wages. We are favored with a more than ordinarily salubrious climate, and an atmosphere for the most part clear and

bracing in summer, tempting hither the residents of more Southern cities during the warm months. The nights are wholesome, calling abroad the denizens in narrow streets by thousands to breathe the pure air that comes in, fresh and unobstructed, from many miles of open country to the westward. And our spacious Common is ample enough for all;—so large, too, as to prevent the interference with music from the noise and din of the streets. And who can doubt the beneficial influence of so elevating and rational an enjoyment, thus freely offered, upon the multitudes who would otherwise, perhaps, crowd the lurking places of low dissipation and vice?

SACKBUT.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The New Opera House.

The Legislatures of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania have abandoned their ancient opposition to dramatic performances, and granted what formerly could not be obtained, charters under which stock-holders can unite, and without incurring risk beyond the amount of their subscriptions, build theatres or opera-houses as they have built colleges and cotton mills. The result of this enlightened legislation is beginning to appear. Already the sum of \$250,000 has been subscribed for the Boston Opera-House, and the building is to be immediately commenced. In Philadelphia considerable progress has been made in subscriptions to stock for a house intended far to eclipse in magnitude and splendor any now existing; and in this City \$165,000 have been subscribed to build an opera-house at the corner of Fourteenth street and Irving place, the building of which will be commenced as soon as a further sum of \$35,000 is obtained, which the parties who have the matter in hand confidently expect will be immediately.

Having carefully read all that has been published in relation to these three projects, and made particular inquiries of those having them in charge, we have little doubt that the Philadelphia one will be the most successful, because it is neither a fashionable nor a real estate speculation, but a design to found and permanently sustain a great National Temple and School of Music, worthy of the era and of the American people. It is to be the National Opera-House, because it is designed for the representation of Operas in our own language, and as a school for rearing our own Artists, and will appeal to the whole people and not to any class for support. It is nearly the same with a project brought forward in Philadelphia in 1839, and from the complete and perfect details of which, as then published, has sprung every improvement introduced into the theatres and opera-houses since erected. Had the project then been carried out, the Art would now be half a century in advance of its present position. The scheme was a vast one and required a capital of nearly half a million of dollars, most of which had been subscribed when the great panic and commercial disasters, suddenly caused by the failure of several of the Philadelphia banks, led to its abandonment. We have before us the pamphlets published in 1839, describing the objects proposed in the Philadelphia Academy of Music and Grand Opera-House—and the system of direction intended to be pursued. All these seem so comprehensive and perfect, that we shall make a brief synopsis of them, in the form of a statement of the requirements of a great operatic and dramatic establishment and call to it the particular attention of the parties about to build the New York and Boston Opera Houses.

Up to this period every attempt to establish the Italian opera has failed. It is not an institution, but an incident dependent on the chance presence of some European prima donna. The Italian opera house in Leonard street failed, and was turned into an English theatre. Next the Astor-place opera house was built, failed, and is about to be demolished to make room for a Library. And now the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, as it is entitled in the Act of incorporation, is in all

probability about to be erected in Fourteenth-st., and although no mention is made in its charter of its use specially, or indeed at all as an Italian opera house, yet that is the object of the stockholders, and as an Italian Opera House it is at least to be opened. Whether it can be kept open for that purpose after Grisi and Mario have inaugurated it and the charm of the novelty of their appearance has worn off, and when, as the case will be, scarcely a single world-renowned singer of the Italian stage will remain unheard in this country, forms a question for consideration and suggestion.

We are of opinion that no Fine Art can flourish in a country at second-hand. We believe it must be rendered National, and in the case of Music, be presented through the language the people understand. Basing thus our argument, we further believe, that Europe cannot supply this country habitually with singers. It is as much and more than she can do to afford them to her own principal Opera Houses. Whatever may be the first and absorbing use to which the Opera House may be put, in regard to Italian Opera, in conformity with its title of Academy of Music and the specific provisions of its charter, it should be obliged to educate artists, and to produce original works. It is to be established, says the charter, "for the purpose of cultivating a taste for Music by Concerts, Operas, and other entertainments, which shall be accessible to the public at a moderate charge, by furnishing facilities for instruction in Music, and by rewards of prizes for the best musical compositions." In this view, it becomes an object of national consideration, and we trust accordingly that the small sum comparatively required to complete the subscription will be speedily obtained.

The expense of sustaining an opera house so nurtured at home will be at most not more than one-fourth what it would be if the artists were brought from Europe. American vocalists would be content with some few thousand dollars a-year, and if they were sought for, and educated, boarded and lodged gratuitously the meanwhile, their services could be secured for several years in payment of the expenses of apprenticeship. In that way alone can the exorbitant demands of foreign artists be diminished, and the folly and extravagance of paying them from one to ten thousand dollars a night, as has been done in this city, will be forever avoided. The rule of political economy which makes that cheap and at the same time good, which we produce at home, will be more strongly evidenced in the Fine Arts than even in cloths or calicoes. It may be added, that this country, owing to its Common-School education, possesses more intelligent persons than any other; and there being the full average of fine voices, it enjoys extraordinary facilities for obtaining good subjects, mental and physical, for singers.

We wish, therefore, to see this economical and national feature of the New York plan equally insisted upon with that of the Philadelphia project. The Academy of Music should be above speculation. Its character should be benign and genial. If it be considered a platform for putting money in the pockets of the last adventurers from Europe, it will assuredly fail. We see no reason why wealthy men should not endow such an institution independent of the money principle. Our Colleges are so endowed, and why should not a College for Lyrical Art be equally esteemed? It is true we are on a false road: we have separated Art and Letters, which the great ancient masters of Beauty, the Greeks, deemed inseparable; hence their grandeur and immortality. But why cannot true principles of aesthetics guide us, and the analysis of sight and sound form part of a liberal education? An Opera House on a grand scale, with proper illustrations, magnificent scenery and a pervasively artistic spirit, makes a common appeal to the universal sentiment of the beautiful. It educates the eye and ear alike; it involves, too, through its poetry, the study of letters. In every relation of the fine arts it should be sustained. Separated from intemperance and vice of all kinds, it is a teacher of good morals and good manners. Such may it become, under the possibilities of our political and social institutions.

The permanent attractions of an Opera House are inseparable here from the use of the English language. With its use, the whole repertory of Italian, German and French Operas translated, as well as our own vernacular Musical Dramas, can be produced. The lyrical genius of the world can be presented through our own tongue. It is considered a good run for an Italian opera to be played six times in succession: but *Cinderella* in English was given sixty times in succession at the Park Theatre; and *Amilie* and *The Bohemian Girl* not less than forty times. Christy's Minstrels also have for years been nightly attended by some six or seven hundred people, while their audiences would have counted by tens if the language had been foreign. The reasons therefore for producing American artists are paramount. England can no more afford us a supply of singers in our own language than Italy can of Italians. By rearing American artists we indefinitely enhance the dignity of the profession; and the moral phenomena that our country affords in some other things, may radiate over the stage. In connection with this it may be mentioned that there are some Americans now studying for the operatic stage in Italy, and one, a lady of Boston, has appeared at Naples with success. It may yet come to pass that Art, in all its ramifications, may be as much esteemed as politics, commerce, or the military professions. The dignity of American artists lies in their own hands.

That Italian opera management in New York should thus far have failed is not surprising. High rent, making a few nights pay a whole year's rent, has been one of the causes. In London for 20 years, the system of making a season of 60 or 70 nights at the Italian Opera-House in the Haymarket pay a whole year's lease has been pursued. The rent has varied from \$400 up to \$1,000 a night. The latter sum was paid by Mr. Ebers during one season as appears by his published book. In the last 20 years every manager of that house has failed. At present it is unoccupied in consequence of Lumley's failure, and all its library, wardrobe, and fixtures, have been sold at auction. At the rival, Covent-Garden Italian Opera-House, as appeared by the proceedings in bankruptcy against Mr. Delafield, he lost in three years a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, into the possession of which he had just come when he undertook the management. Lumley has been called one of the ablest managers in Europe: therefore there must be something in the system to cause failure like his and that of all those who preceded him, and it should be our aim to find out what the causes are and prevent their being engrafted on the opera in this country.

The success of the proposed ACADEMY, besides its possession of a National school of artists and composers, depends on various things connected with the auditorium. These may be recited as follows: The seats should be separate arm-chairs, each occupying a space of two by three feet, with ample passage-ways and lobbies. Then, between the acts people could easily leave them and return to their places; and in case of fire and alarm the house could be immediately emptied and without danger. Then there could not be practiced the present system of crowding, on attractive nights, six persons on a bench not wide enough for five, and filling the passage ways with chairs, so as to compel people to remain jammed into them, without possibility of change of position during an entire evening. Bodily torture is not a process to put a man through to enable him to enjoy an opera. A place of amusement should at least possess every comfort and luxury, which one would leave at home on going to it. It should be thoroughly well-furnished, in its lobbies, retiring and refreshment rooms, with pictures and statues to improve and gratify the taste.

All the Fine Arts to triumph individually must go together. For the same reason the scene-painting should be perfect and appropriate to every piece, and the dresses of all the actors, from the highest to the lowest, always historically exact as at the Paris Académie. There should be one only price of admission. This is the most

important consideration of all. In Europe all people acknowledge the existence of classes. The middle classes speak of themselves as such, and with deference to the higher classes, and usually with contempt of the lower orders. Here, the case is different; all are sovereigns. No American man will take a lady to a second price part of the house, but he will be satisfied, with any, even if the worst place, if assured that all the places have been fairly allotted on the first-come-first-serve principle. There is no class here, as in Europe, able to pay two, three or five dollars constantly, but the whole community can pay fifty cents. Hence the house must be of the largest size; larger than any in Europe, where the private box system uniformly prevails. The proposed building will seat the enormous number of from 4,000 to 5,000 persons.

The selection of an Architect for an Opera House is a most important matter, as one well acquainted with acoustics in its application to architecture can erect a building of immense size in which all the spectators can see and hear. The objection to a vast theatre does not hold good against an opera house; musical sounds are easily heard at much greater distances than spoken words, and the effect of distance to the sight is almost overcome by the high perfection of opera glasses.

The ventilation, which embraces the cooling of the house to any required temperature in summer, as well as properly heating it in winter, is of the last importance. It is usually and erroneously said that Castle Garden is a model plan for a summer theatre, because of its coolness. Inside it is not cool; the balcony outside is, however. In the original plan of which we have been speaking, a system of ventilation appears to attain the object. It proposes the complete exclusion from the building of the external heat in summer by means of double-cased windows, and a perpetual supply of pure, artificially cooled air, which is to be introduced by pipes leading to shafts containing furnaces at the top of the building. The whole expense of this ventilating apparatus, if erected in the building, is estimated at ten thousand dollars. If it attain its object, as it doubtless can, it will increase the value of the property ten thousand dollars a year.

A wide lot is necessary, so as to have the auditorium, or audience-part, built in the form of a parabola or semi-circle with diverging sides, bringing all the audience near to the stage, and not on the old horse-shoe form, upon which the European opera houses are constructed. The Conservatory, or Musical School, should be in the same building with the Opera; an additional story would give scores of small practising and lodging-rooms for the pupils, who may be supported and instructed at an expense of \$10,000 annually. There are in ordinary opera-houses no proper accommodations for the performers. This should be obviated, and handsome dressing-rooms for all of them, each with a bath-room attached, should be constructed. In a word, the principle to be followed, is to render the opera house artistic and attractive in every detail, before and behind the curtain.

The lot on which it is proposed to build in this city, was lately held by Mr. Phalen, who purchased it for the end in view. It is 204 feet on Fourteenth-st., by 122 feet 6 inches on Irving place. Fourteenth is a street 100 feet wide; Irving-place, one of 80 feet: this is a great advantage. There will be a covered carriage-way, so as to set people down inside, without exposure in bad weather. The vomitories will be ample; the staircases of the colossal order of European palaces. The solidity of the building will be remarkable. The space under the stage will be in this case 60 feet deep, to admit of scenic economies.

In the Philadelphia plan a lot of 150 by 240 feet, giving 36,000 square feet of ground is deemed essential to include all the requirements of such a house; how far the lot on Fourteenth-st., 122 by 204 feet or 25,000 square feet, can embrace the same, is a subject for inquiry.

If Boston, a city one quarter the capacity of New York, and with one-tenth of the transient

population, can raise \$250,000 for an opera, surely we can here. We trust therefore, there will be no delay. It may be added that a year ago, Mr. Lumley was willing to send out a first-rate Italian company, for such a house. One more point should not be forgotten: \$50,000 should be invested as part of the stock, for scenery, dresses, library and properties, so that the cost to the manager should be simply current expenses, or so that he may put on any opera with but little additional outlay. His ability to give performances six times a week, and on yearly salaries, will, of itself, reduce the average expenses one-third each night. The current expenses of an opera are increased one-third or one-half, by its being an occasional and not a systematic thing. The absence of the pragmatical interference of government, as on the European Continent, will much increase the ease and economy of such a foundation fairly put in practice here.

We have presented our views at length on this matter, as we believe the business interests, as well as the popular taste and civility of New York are deeply concerned in having such a first-class lyrical institution self-supported in its artistic supplies, and forming a common growth with the national pursuit of high Art.

Gleanings from German Musical Papers.

[Prepared for Dwight's Journal.]

The *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, published at Leipzig, of Dec. 24, says, the songstress Tedesco, who is now exciting so much attention at Paris, is a German by birth, a native of Brunn, in Moravia. Her real name is Deutsch. In Italy she translated this into the Italian *Tedesco*, and under this name has gained a high fame, especially in America. She numbers at the present time 28 years, and is said, both in her voice (a contralto) and in her person, to resemble Johanna Wagner. She is very happily married to a Creole, but still retains the name by which she has become famous. Cornet and Meyerbeer, who heard her in Paris, have engaged her for Vienna and Berlin.

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has recently been performed in Riga, Russia, under the title of the "Siege of Ghent, or the Spaniards in Flanders," because the original subject has "too subversive a tendency." John of Leyden is called John of Hamlise, and *Fidés*, *Sally*. Despotism does not fear the music, it seems, however much the text may displease it.

Richard Wagner has promised an opera, or rather a series of three operas connected together, upon the subject of the "Death of Siegfried" and the "Vengeance of Chreimhild"—a performance requiring three evenings. Gade and Dorn (of Berlin) are both engaged upon the same subject.

The *Neue Zeitschrift* farther informs us that "the Brothers Fries, from Schleswig-Holstein, have founded at Boston a Mendelssohn-Bartholdy-Quintette-Club, the object of which is to awake a taste for classic music." [The editor of the *Zeitschrift* should see this winter's file of our *Journal*—he might possibly think that some such taste was already awakened.]

The authoress of the original text to von Weber's *Euryanthe*, Helmina von Chezy, is living near Vevay, in Switzerland, and has become nearly blind.

In our articles on Richard Wagner, in Vol. II., we mentioned that they were founded upon Fétis'

articles in the *Gazette Musicale*, and that Fétis was for the most part unfriendly to the German composer. The *Neue Zeitschrift*, which may be looked upon somewhat in the light of Wagner's organ, has the following savage paragraph upon the French critic.

"M. Fétis published some months since in the *Gazette Musicale* seven long articles upon Richard Wagner, his life, his system, his works and his party in Germany, of which we have hitherto taken no notice, because that paper is as good as not read at all in Germany, and the French journals would hardly dare to translate and publish any answers which we might write to M. Fétis. In whose interest that gentleman writes the world knows; but that he has no hesitation to falsify in the most shameless manner—of this at least we will give one example in proof. Of *Tannhäuser* he affirms that it could only be produced twice in Dresden. This assertion is sufficient for itself and for M. Fétis; for that opera has, within the period of three years, lived through 19 performances in Dresden."

Whatever may be the real merits of Wagner's operas, it is certain, as we see in our German files *passim*, that both the *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are making their way into all the principal opera houses of Germany; and that notwithstanding the excessive disgust with which the English critic of the *London Athenæum* was inspired at a representation of one of them, as they become better known they are slowly winning something more than the approbation of the learned, they are becoming popular. In Breslau, *Tannhäuser* was given seven times during the first three weeks of its performance there, and at the close of January had been given fourteen times. At Leipzig, Feb. 6th, *Tannhäuser* was produced for the fifth time.

On the 7th of April OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT gave a private concert in Berlin. The D minor Trio of Mendelssohn, and compositions by Thalberg, Chopin and himself, were produced. The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says that all that is demanded of the most distinguished virtuoso is fulfilled by him, and that his taste for Mendelssohn and classic music makes his worth as an artist still higher. Mrs. Goldschmidt did not sing, and Johanna Wagner supplied the place which she would formerly have filled.

Miss Westerstrand, the new Swedish singer, has been singing Rode's variations, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," at New Strelitz. Her voice and school are praised in the highest terms.

A correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*, says, "The rumor which has been extensively spread by the newspapers of the death of Oulibicheff, the author of the celebrated book on Mozart and his works, can most decidedly be declared untrue. I met him recently in Nichini-Nowgorod and conversed with him, and to-day have received a letter from him. He is about to write a work upon Beethoven." The paper from which this is taken is dated March 14th.

There is getting to be a wonderful-female-child-violinist for every city in Europe. Virginia and Caroline Ferni, rivals of Theresa Milanollo, have just appeared in Paris. Theresa, by the way, has given a long series of concerts in Berlin this winter. She gave twelve in the Grand Opera House and at the last the house was filled! Judging

from all we find in the European press she must be one of the greatest violinists living.

The story of Alboni in the Massachusetts House of Representatives has travelled into the German papers, but the scene is laid in the House of Representatives at Washington. One gives the story thus: "Some of the members became aware of Madame Alboni's presence in the spectators' gallery, upon which Mr. Bedford (!) made a motion that the assembly should show her some mark of attention. The motion was greatly opposed and the matter was ended by the President (!) requesting that the orders of the day be taken up, so that the newspapers might take no notice of it. He did not succeed in his wish apparently."

Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig have published a new edition of Beethoven's *Leonore* ("Fidelio"), in which the music of the original work as at first performed is given. The edition has been carefully prepared by Prof. Otto Jahn, "out of the original Beethoven Manuscripts, from copies and the original Theatre parts." It is said to surpass the later arrangement known as "Fidelio" in small particulars, but to be greatly inferior to it as a grand and artistic whole.

The Funeral Mass composed by Cherubini in his 77th year was recently performed in the Church *del Carmine*, at Turin, by a chorus of 120 and an orchestra of 80.

Who has not sung the vocal pieces of Conradin Kreutzer? He died in 1849, leaving a widow and daughter. The latter had a fine voice, thoroughly cultivated, but mainly owing to grief at the loss of her father, lost it, and determined to become an actress in the spoken drama, and for this purpose she went to Vienna to study. During the past winter a nervous disorder has forced her to give up the profession. As poor Kreutzer left no property, the widow and daughter are in a most unfortunate condition.

The following is the report of the monthly performances at the opera house in Leipzig for the month of January. Jan. 4. "Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai (German). 6th. "Oberon," Weber (do.). 8th. "Robert the Devil," Meyerbeer, (do.). 9th. The "Elixir of Love," Donizetti (Italian). 11th. "Der Freyschütz," Weber (German). 14th. "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti (Italian). 18th. "Barber of Seville," Rossini (Italian). 31st. "Tannhäuser," Wagner (German).

Theodore Uhlig, one of the editors of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and of the most zealous champions of Richard Wagner, died on the third of January, aged 31.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How to Manage the Choir.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Knowing your desire to see the love of real church music grow and diffuse itself in our community, I send you herewith, as bearing on the subject, an extract of a letter I lately received from a young Struldburg, a particular friend of mine; which you are at liberty to make use of should you think the hints of any value to our dear countrymen. It may possibly incite some of our societies to consider the character of their musical performances, and perhaps

to improve them by a study of what may be recognized as sound authority in the matter. As some of your readers are ignorant of my friend's language I have translated it, but have endeavored to preserve the tone and as far as possible the style, as nearly as our idiom will admit of it.

The letter is dated at Luggnugg, and after telling me the news of the Court and town he goes on to say:

"The society of which I speak is one of eminently high principles, a regar of precedent, and generally opposed to innovations, which are too readily entertained by those of a low caste. They have made constant endeavors to bring their music to a point of excellence, in which many organists have been tried and the choir sifted and reformed so often that its complexion has been as changing as a dolphin's, and certainly with the happiest result so far as variety is concerned, though not perhaps with entire success, considering the end proposed to be accomplished. From so many experiments, however, some most valuable truths could not fail to be deduced, which cannot be too widely known.

"In forming and conducting a choir, absolute authority should be vested in a committee chosen for abilities a few of which I will mention.

"They should be long-headed, self-made men, as practical as possible, and withal shrewd at a bargain; for it is too well known to deserve mention, that musicians are, almost without exception, the keenest, sharpest, nearest traders to be found, and so snug that they can generally hold off and treat with a committee-man till he is forced to come to their terms.

"They should have a proper contempt for all music besides psalmody, such as operas, symphonies and even oratorios, which are after all only agreeable to an acquired taste, however some affected people may extol them; and any child can say that the wisest way of attaining to excellence in any one branch of a science is by eschewing all its others.

"Another excellent rule is that of letting the choir know their place clearly, without that strained delicacy which prompts certain well-meaning but weak people to suggest and opine, merely from conscious ignorance, when they should only command. I have known some of these amiable ones to assert that musicians, even more than other artists, are sensitive and susceptible; but when they tell you in the same breath that the same class are often improvident and pressed for money, two such statements merely contend for superior absurdity, and may be passed over by any sensible person without so much as a reply.

"The choir should be allowed no taste or discretion whatever, but should be in the smallest details subject to the direction of the committee, or to that of any dull pedant they may appoint. All members of the church should be encouraged to press upon the committee their individual ideas, which would guarantee a result pleasing to all, and serve more than anything else to perfect the style of performance.

"Our committee are so admirable an example of what I would advocate that I cannot forbear dwelling on them for a moment. They were selected with a foresight and judgment on which our church may well plume itself. They are sharp business men, cool and prompt in trade, and indeed I would not fear to back them at a bargain against almost any dreaming artist I know of. They professedly despise music, and call all singing *squawking* (a mere pleasantry you will of course understand, inexpressibly entertaining to musicians). Their understanding with the organist is of the frankest

nature. His position is anything but equivocal, and his mind kept free from conflicting doubts, which might be prejudicial to his inspiration. He knows that he can either play what he's told to, or clear out. Could anything be more satisfactory? Yet such I grieve to say is the ingratitude and folly of the Luggnuggians, particularly the musical portion of them (who are not as with you, the most yielding, unopinionated, easily managed creatures that ever existed) that several of our hired performers have refused to obey some most reasonable orders, preferring loss of wages to what they facetiously termed fickle-thickheadedness and even disrespect.

"I am proud to say that such ludicrous exhibitions of spirit are uncommon, and the class generally allow themselves to be guided with commendable meekness. I may whisper to you that they are too jealous of each other to act with unanimity, which might be fatal to our authority, and until they find this out things will undoubtedly go on in the good old way.

"One happy result of our many experiments has been the bringing to light of several facts, so novel that I long to have them known in your country, where they doubtless will be received with reverence and treated with all the consideration they deserve. One of our committee discovered, one fine day, that *Te Deums* were of an irreverent tendency, and desecrated the church; which the society agreed to at once, wondering it had not before occurred to the world. They were accordingly proscribed—only, in a mistaken spirit of conciliation to a small minority, it was allowed that once in a while they might be sung, arranged to a modern psalm tune; and once a year, at Christmas, even to the secular music of *Boyce* or *Purcell*. This minority is so inconsiderable a fraction of the society that I am ready to apologize for mentioning it. Will you believe, my dear friend, that at this late day some of the most obtuse will still affect to compare the old masters with the modern professors—and actually persist in re-asserting the long-exploded opinion that a life of culture, even from early years, is conducive to pre-eminence in the science of music; and that an old Mus. Doc. is in any respect the superior of a modern free and independent professor, even though the latter may have devoted the larger portion of his life to trade or mechanical pursuits.

"Another committee-man, naturally piqued at the *ecclat* gained by his colleague, bethought him suddenly that voluntaries were in some respects a desecration, and especially the organ itself, as the author of them, and proposed singing without accompaniment; which, though the impudent minority styled it an innovation, was accepted by nearly the whole of the society, who adopted it with acclamation, and proposed to encourage congregational singing. So the organ was closed, the choir dismissed, and their places supplied by delegates from the pews. The music at once assumed a devotional (some thought even a snuffing) character, but we wont praise it too extravagantly at first. An old lady has probably immortalized herself by suggesting that each of the congregation should sing whatever hymn and tune seemed appropriate to his or her frame of mind. This has not been tried yet, but is almost certain to be, since we've tried every other scheme that has ever turned over.

"As the fairest actions are always open to caviling, and as even the most insignificant Luggnuggian is suffered to think what he pleases, an insolent fellow ventured to hint that it seemed to him almost as if our music savored in a very slight degree perhaps of a camp-meeting rather than of a church; but he was instantly bullied into eating his words and holding his tongue for the future.

"All things are possible, and it may be that some new notion in the way of church music will be evolved some time or other, when be sure I shall hasten to acquaint you with it."

GULLIVER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 23, 1853.

Madame Sontag's Opera.

So we write down our text, and not "Madame Sontag in Opera," because in a true work of lyric art the prima donna is not all in all, but the chief interest of the performance lies in the perfection of the *ensemble*. A good whole opera is a thing which it is a greater gain to have witnessed, than it is to have heard and seen the greatest singer and actress, or even the three or four greatest on one stage. And we hasten to give credit to Henriette Sontag for studying the unity and integrity of her drama as a work of art, apparently with as much care as she has studied her own individual success;—in short for identifying her own success with that of the opera as a whole. It requires mind and thinking to do that; and that is what, as a general rule, distinguishes a great German from a great Italian singer, whether in theatre or concert, that the former seeks to realize the intellectual enjoyment of a complete, consistent, well-proportioned, perfect whole, as complex as it may be without loss of unity; while the latter places herself between you and the opera or the composer, invites all your attention to the beauty of her voice, her execution and her personal witchery, and is content with threadbare back-ground, third-rate accompaniments, braying orchestra and bawling chorus, serving chiefly as it were for foil to her own sweetness and artistic finish. Our German may have a less fresh and luxurious voice, less gushing and spontaneous pathos, less personal attraction; yet she invites us to a satisfying whole, in which, though she be the soul and centre, yet there is no part that does not seem equally indispensable to the charm.

In *La Sonnambula*, as given at the Howard Athenæum on Tuesday, Mme. Sontag's opening night, we felt that we enjoyed, for the first time in Boston, a good opera as a whole. We have had operas better in certain specialties. We have had greater excitements. We have had greater aggregates of talent on the stage at once. Nay, (and perhaps here we utter a bold heresy,) we have felt a deeper thrill of soul, imagination, genius, (to say nothing of voice in its fresh prime,) in a prima donna, than we felt here once in a whole evening of artistic beauties of unquestionable excellence;—felt it, we may say, in prime donne of far humbler pretensions than this one. But those things singly do not suffice for that very complex and harmonious pleasure which should result from a good opera. Single gems shine falsely in a bad setting. Your out and out *furori* and champagne intoxications are not the best effects of Art. Many fine artists in one opera do not necessarily make the opera complete, or good;—it might be better and yet contain fewer good things. And the personal magnetism of one badly supported singer of genius, even were she first-rate, excites in you a personal interest and admiration, still leaving you *minus* the artistic satisfaction that you sought.

The *Sonnambula* of the Sontag troupe charmed us as a whole. With the confession of having become somewhat *blasé* to Italian Opera, as we have heard it, we did really experience a fresh sensation and carry away a new satisfaction from the performance of Tuesday night. For the first time in any opera here, we had a chorus, numbering we think twenty-four, which did not bawl and scream. There was little, if any, of that fish-market quality of voice in the female portion of it, which we had grown to believe a fixed peculiarity of the Italian opera. The voices were true and prompt, well blended and subdued. For the first time, too, almost, there was an orchestra that did not bray and crash and smother all with most preponderating brass. Thirty good instruments, under the skilful sway of ECKERT, produced always euphony. They proved their virtue at the outset in the overture to "William Tell," (the *Sonnambula* having no overture of its own,) and afterwards brought out all the beauty of the Bellini accompaniments, while giving full opportunity to the softest modulations of the voice. In a word, the musical ideas (to our taste the freshest and most beautiful in any of Bellini's works), were never murdered or obscured by scrambling hurry or obstreperous noise. The piece was well put upon the stage. A refined propriety pervaded the performance; and this, reflected back from the very large, refined and intellectually well-pleased audience, made the old shell of a theatre look and feel a better place than usual, and actually seemed to transform for the time being that old homely, shabby scenery into a sort of interesting quaintness. It certainly was not a *great* performance; and therefore all the more we mention these things as showing what a power resides in conscientious art, if it be only genuine.

Mme. SONTAG'S Amina was an admirable impersonation; in look, dress, action she was the charming, sincere peasant girl with a refined nature, on the eve of the most interesting event in life. All the little by-play was consistently and gracefully kept up, and there was a development of stronger passion in the tragic second act, which one could hardly credit to her who had only heard her in the concert room. Now and then there was, to our taste, the fault of over-action. Thus the dragging herself upon her knees across the stage, in the struggle with her lover in the Count's chamber, seemed to exceed the bounds of true Art. Nothing, to be sure might exceed the agony of Amina's situation, supposing it real life; but we doubt if all should be represented; a little reserve, we think, is wholesome in ideal representations, as in actual manners. Again, in the extreme reaction of joy and rapture, when the fatal cloud is dissipated, in the finale: *Ah! non giunge*, we felt that that violence of action conveyed less of the contagion of joy, than we have received from a more quiet manner. The fresh, bright tones of rapture ought legitimately and principally to do the work. In this finale, too, the dryness of the singer's low tones was some drawback; and—(we name it from no spirit of fault-finding, but because it is absurd and toadyish to pretend to find all perfect, where in the nature of things it cannot be)—the wear of her voice, wherever the full voice was required in trying passages, was quite perceptible throughout. This it should be no offence to name, for it deducts not one particle from Sontag's merits in the higher

senses as an artist; on the contrary it gives us opportunity again to bear witness to the consummate skill with which she conceals the natural effects of time by the exquisite devices of art. It was music that admitted of much of that fine *sotto voce* embellishment, which is her peculiar skill; while everywhere, in recitative and song, in the tender love passages, and in a thousand little things which go to make up the fair whole of Art, although we may not note them, she approved herself a thinking and consummate artist;—and that is the charm in a lyric singer that should outweigh all others, at least until we can have with it also the magnetism of heaven's rarest gift of *genius*.

Sig. POZZOLINI, the Elvino, had been ill and his voice, in music so severely trying, soon betrayed fatigue; yet as far as it went his tenor was extremely sweet and musical, and (bating a little tendency to sentimentality) he expressed the tenderness and pathos of the Bellini melody as we have seldom heard it. He bore the part of the peasant lover well, and quite won upon the audience by the naturalness of his action, particularly in the jealous part, and in the parting duet (so sweetly sung and acted) with Amina on the night before the wedding. This duet, we believe, has commonly been left out.

The contrast of the two men, this young and sensitive and simple Elvino, with BADIALI'S manly, self-possessed and dignified Count Rodolpho, was one of the happy points of the presentation as a whole. Badiali, always magnificent, in voice and manner, was entirely satisfying and himself on this occasion. The parts of the mother and the coquette Lisa were respectfully done, never offensive, and the action and grouping of the chorus partook of the ease and refinement of their singing.

The opera *must* have been good to have afforded us so much which it is pleasant to record, when we heard it from the narrowest *minimum* of a seat, which might have been invented for a machine of torture, quite as well as for what is facetiously called "accommodation of the Press."—Speaking of accommodations, we thought it a sin and a shame that the upper gallery (a place heretofore frequented nightly by the best amateurs of opera who have to take the pleasure economically or not at all), was closed up and empty; and we were glad to see that the device of the *one dollar* "Standee tickets" (barbarous term, worthy of the invention) proved not so attractive as to greatly crowd the lobbies.

Opera and other Music in the "Far West."

The city of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, is in possession of a musical privilege, enjoyed at present by no other city in the Union: namely, a *German Opera*, with full orchestra, chorus and principal singers. And what is more, it is likely to be domesticated there, since the performers are all resident Milwaukians. It is well known that the German element enters largely into the population of that young and growing giant of a city; and wherever Germans make their home,—such Germans as come over in *these* days, not such as settled Western Pennsylvania generations since and always set their faces against the introduction of free schools and all sorts of enlightenment,—they carry with them good seeds of artistic culture and of a cheerful, rhythmical social life.

We met a lady friend at the last Handel and

Haydn Concert, when the "Creation" was performed, who had just returned home on a visit from Milwaukee, who told us that, a week or two before, she had there listened to the same oratorio, performed wholly in German, by a chorus of two hundred resident Germans, and a good orchestra, and that the style of the performance was superior to that of our old Society. Pretty well that for the newly peopled Western wilds! But for the opera.

The piece selected for the first performance was Lortzing's "Czar und Zimmermann" (The Czar and the Ship-carpenter), which has been given, we doubt if so well, or on so full a scale, by a company of Germans in New York, and which seems to be the favorite opera of the day among the multitude in Germany. The plot is founded on the life of Peter the Great, disguised as a workman, in the docks of Holland, involving him of course in a love adventure with a young damsel; and many of our readers may have seen the same thing dramatized on the stage of our Museum and other theatres. The first performance was given on Friday evening, April 8th, in Metropolitan Hall, before a public that had long been on the *qui vive* for such a musical treat. We glean the following sentences from an account in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*:

"After a due amount of breathless anxiety, the overture by a full orchestra was given with fine effect. Up rolled the 'baize,' &c., and behold as romantic a crowd of ship-carpenters meet one's eye, as it would expect to see in dream land. Amid broad axes and grins, and strange apparel, it was pleasant to behold many a well known friendly face and form metamorphosed for the nonce. In this scene the genuine Peter (Mr. Brackel) trolls a merry lay, and a fine chorus, performed with much spirit, brings it to a close. The success of the Opera was, at this early stage of its progress, a fixed fact. As a work of art it must stand well the test of criticism; for the untutored ear it is filled with gems which cannot fail to give delight. To the amateur its harmonies and rich clustering beauties, vocal and instrumental, will ever render its performance and study a rich and satisfactory treat. In plot and general interest it is superior to any comic opera of the Italian school that has been performed in the States. Its humor is more human and less clown-like than that which pervades the southern musical comedies; at the former you laugh understandingly; at the latter if at all, ridiculously. It would be impossible in a sketch like this, to note all the good points made by the actors in its first performance here. They were all good, and might have trod the board for years for all the audience might have seen to the contrary. The self-complimentary song of Von Bett the Burgomaster (Mr. Balatka) was given with rare gusto. That gent's inimitable 'getting up' and acting was applauded to the echo throughout the evening; not overdone even to a hair's breadth, it was the embodiment of the self-conceited, pursed up, greedy, and greasy old official; a very dogberry of a Burgomaster. What could be more admirable than his acting and singing before the carpenters, in teaching the music lesson (what a gem that was by the way!) where he finally comes under suspicion, and his quarrel with the Czar—his duet with Peter, No. 2. How wonderfully good it all was! Mr. Brackel, as the Czar, of whom much was expected as a vocalist, though but little as an actor, surprised the audience in the latter qualification and displayed with much discrimination the deep feeling, pride and generosity which belong to the character. His fond recollection of childhood was given with a pathos and power which reminded me of Bettini; his farewell song was a fitting finale to his praiseworthy effort. He has a fine baritone voice, which approaches in its compass to the tenor and seems to blend with it;

it is capable of rendering music which touches the heart with great effect. Nothing but a slight huskiness mars its beauty, and it is to be hoped use will do away gradually with this throat difficulty.

Mrs. Mahler appeared before her numerous friends, as Maria, the heroine of the opera. She dressed the part admirably, and displayed much self-possession; acting and singing with that delicacy and taste which shows refinement of feeling and intense love of art. Surely our society is much indebted to this talented and amiable lady for her devotion to the cause of music. Mr. Richter went through his rôle in a manner very creditable to him as an amateur. Mr. Beiderman, the French Ambassador, presented a very courtly appearance; his voice was more flexible and potent than usual, and occasionally took one of those *hoists*, (to use an unmusical expression) which are an agreeable relief to the usual dead calm of his solo singing. The Russian and English Ambassadors did the little they had to do well. The Sextet in the second act was one of the gems of the evening and was rather overlooked by the audience, no doubt to the surprise of the performers. Praise of the chorus and orchestra was in every mouth. Natural genius and severe drilling produced a result which our city has reason to be proud of, a result perhaps never equalled in the country, certainly not by local talent; it might have been shown Maretzek himself, as a musical wonder from a *wooden* country, where but a few short years ago "the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared."

Mr. Balatka, after the fall of the curtain, was loudly called for and acknowledged the compliment in a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Brackel also obeyed a similar call.

JENNY LIND'S LETTER. The N. Y. *Tribune* gives the following improved version of the extract from a private letter to the Swedish consul Habicht, which appeared first in the *Musical World and Times*, and which completely sets at rest the idle and malicious rumors to which we have before referred.

The extract from Madame GOLDSCHMIDT'S letter, recently published in the city papers, seems worse than Coptic to readers generally. The mis-translation of the last word, and the erroneous printing of the original have bewildered the sense altogether. We give below a correct version of the extract, accompanied by a literal translation, which may serve to clear up the doubt as to Jenny's meaning, and prevent ridiculous surmises of domestic infelicity. Otto's hard work is undoubtedly musical composition, which would naturally keep him closely at home. What "changes" are referred to we cannot guess, but the idea of discord is out of the question. After stating that they are both well, Madame G. says:

"Otto är mycket god och snäll. Han arbetar jemt; Otto is very good and sweet. He works constantly; är hemma jemt; vänlig jemt; densamma till is at home constantly; kind constantly; the same to beförlitliga vännerna alljemt; tänker bara på min väl, och depended-upon friend always; thinks only of my weal, and min förnöjsamhet; och bär et lugnt stilla mod my contentment-of-mind; and bears a serene, still spirit i alla växlingar." in all changes.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The Extra Concert, given in the Lecture Room of the Music Hall, last Saturday evening, was one of the most satisfactory chamber concerts of the season. It opened grandly with that never-failing old favorite, Beethoven's Quintet in C, op. 29, and closed with the Ottetto of Mendelssohn, for four violins, two altos, and two violoncellos, whose full, strong tide of harmony seemed to bear the composer's thoughts proudly along, and the imaginations of the audience sympathetically with them. The work more than confirmed the favorable impression of the

former hearing. Both the Quintet and the Octet were performed in the best manner of the Club, assisted in the latter by Messrs. Suck, Eichler, and Mass, of the Musical Fund Society. So too were the introduction and two first movements from Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, op. 12, including that quaint and fascinating little "Canzonet," which sounds so wild and ballad-like, as if it had sprung into being like one of the primitive melodies of the people, at the same time that it has all the refinement of modern art.

The violoncello solo by Mr. WULF FRIES was quite the model of what a solo should be in such a concert. It was short, select, simple,—entirely free from clap-trap variations and embellishments;—just a neat, artistic and expressive rendering of one of Mozart's perfect little melodies, which has had no opportunity here to become hacknied; namely *Wie schön ist die Liebe*, (in Italian, *Un'aura amorosa*) from "Cosi fan tutte." Mr. RYAN, too, gave a pleasing and not too ambitious clarinet solo by Müller, on themes from *Il Pirata*.

The Lecture Room seemed to impress everybody as an excellent place for music of this kind. Such certainly was our own experience, quite contrary to our impression at Mr. Dresel's concert in the same room. Was it owing to so small a change as the placing of the instruments this time upon a platform, a foot or more above the floor? The audience was a most attentive and delighted one, of about the number that was usually assembled at the Masonic Temple. The Lecture Room well filled (it holds some 900 persons) would be just the audience which the Club need and deserve, and we trust another winter will see that realized.

Our Carrier for the West end of the city distributed last Saturday some eighty copies of No. 1, instead of No. 2, before he discovered that he had snatched up the wrong bundle. The mistake was at once rectified so far as serving each house again with the right number. But as our supply of No. 1 runs short, we shall feel obliged to any of the twice served subscribers, if they will send us back the extra copy, unless it be too late.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The last of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB Rehearsals takes place at three o'clock this afternoon in the Masonic Temple. They have been choice and delightful opportunities of hearing much of the best of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn in a genial, unceremonious, social way. Go this afternoon, for we see no more prospect of Chamber Music this Spring, since Mr. AUGUST FRIES, the leader of the Club, is to take the steamer next Wednesday for Europe. Could any arrangement be made to supply his place, we are quite sure that such Rehearsals would find larger and larger audience for a month to come.

Mme. SONTAG, with her principal singers, and fine orchestra, is to join the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY to-morrow evening, in another performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*;—the whole under the conductorship of ECKERT. Of course it will be admirably rendered, but we wish that the "Sacred Concerts" of prime donne did not *always* mean Rossini's *Stabat Mater* as if the brilliancy of that had quite extinguished all other religious music.

PORTLAND, MAINE. This city seems to be lifting up its head in classical music, with a degree of enterprise that promises right well for "Down East." Such societies and programmes, as we have here to mention, are an honor to the Portland population if they give them good support, and certainly an honor to the artists and professors who evince such faith in good music and the public capacity of learning to appreciate it. In the first place they have a

SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY, which gave a concert on the evening of Fast Day, under the direction of Mr. ARTHURSON, formerly of this city, and produced selections from the "Messiah," and the whole of Haydn's Third or Im-

perial Mass, (to English words, we are sorry to say). Mr. KOTZSCHMAR presided at the organ, and Mr. ARTHURSON sang the tenor solos. (We have received from a correspondent a long criticism upon this performance, in many respects sound and just, we doubt not, but of so personal a character that we must decline to publish it.)

But what is most remarkable and promising for such a place is a Series of Chamber Concerts, under the direction of Mr. KOTZSCHMAR (an ex-Germanian, we believe) and Prof. CROUCH, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," who seems to be the most active and public-spirited musician resident in Portland. The Prospectus to these concerts is so unique that we are sure our readers will be glad to see it copied here in full, as follows:

CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS,

For the perfect rendering of untransliterated works of the great Masters, Vocal and Instrumental.

In conformity with the desire of many friends, admirers of the more Classical branches of Musical Science, Messrs. KOTZSCHMAR and CROUCH have determined upon giving a Series of Classical Chamber Concerts, every Wednesday Afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock, P. M., to take place at their respective Music Rooms alternately, LANCASTER HALL, and EXCHANGE STREET.

The Piano-Forte expositions will include master pieces from SEBASTIAN BACH, SPOHR, MOZART, HUMMEL, HAYDN, CHOPIN, WEBER, BEETHOVEN, HANDEL, MENDELSSOHN. The Vocal Readings, selections from PALESTRINA, Dr. BLOW, Dr. PEPUSH, Dr. ARNE, PURCELL, Dr. HORSLEY, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN, Dr. CROUCH, SPOHR, WEBER, MEYERBEER, SCHUBERT, &c. &c.

In addition to the truthful rendering of these works, the Executants propose giving introductory remarks to such of the Pieces, as require Historical exposition, all of which will be duly notified in the Programmes of the day. The undertaking springing from a pure love of their profession, and a desire to elevate the musical taste of the City, Messrs. KOTZSCHMAR and CROUCH, beg their friends and patrons to distinctly understand there will be no postponement on account of weather, or mutilation of an Author's Work to court meretricious approval. Single admission, Twenty-five Cents. Tickets can only be procured of J. S. PAINE, and of the Delineators, Messrs. KOTZSCHMAR and CROUCH.

Auxiliary aid will be called into requisition when presenting itself, or necessary for the development of a Composition.

We append also the programmes of the first four Concerts.

For March 23d.

PART FIRST.

1. Songs without words—Piano Forte, *Mendelssohn*. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
2. Air, *Qui s'adegna*, Mozart. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Polonaise, in E flat—Piano Forte, C. M. Weber. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
4. German Song, Serenade, *Schubert*. Mr. CROUCH.
5. Duet—Piano Forte, Mozart, Miss PAINE & Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.

PART SECOND.

1. Scene, *Angel of Life*, Dr. Collett. Mr. CROUCH.
2. Sonata, in E flat—Piano Forte, Haydn. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. Song, *Wave from Wave*, Handel. Mr. CROUCH.
4. Lullaby—Piano Forte, Henselt. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Scene, *Mad Tom*. H. Purcell.

For March 30th.

PART FIRST.

1. Souvenir de Valse, Chopin. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
2. German Song, *The Exile*, Keller. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Introduction and Fugue, Handel. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
4. Air, *Qui s'adegna*, Mozart. Mr. CROUCH.
5. Duet—Piano Forte, Mozart, Miss PAINE & Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.

PART SECOND.

1. Air, *Lord remember David*, Handel. Mrs. CROUCH.
2. Sonata, in E flat—Piano Forte, Haydn. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. Recitative and Air, *And God said*, Haydn. Mrs. CROUCH.
4. Polonaise, in E flat—Piano Forte, C. M. Weber. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Duet, *I would that my Love*, Mendelssohn. Mrs. and Mr. CROUCH.

For April 6th.

PART FIRST.

1. Overture, four hands, *Il Flauto Magico*, Mozart. Miss Paine and Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
2. Recit. and Air, *"What tho' I trace"*, Handel. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Air, *"Lovely is Nature's Book"*, Gluck. Mrs. CROUCH.
4. Introduction and Fugue, Handel. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. German Song, *"Knowest thou the Land"*, Beethoven. Mr. CROUCH.

PART SECOND.

1. Offertory, *"Ave Maria"*, Schubert. Mrs. CROUCH.
2. Grand Sonata, C minor—Piano Forte, Mozart. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. German Song, *"Down a thousand fathoms Deep"*, Keller. Mr. CROUCH.
4. Elegie—Piano Forte, Ernst. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Duet, *"The May Bells"*, Mendelssohn. Mrs. & Mr. CROUCH.

For April 13th.

PART FIRST.

1. Sonata, in F—Piano and Violoncello, Beethoven. Messrs. Jungnickel and KOTZSCHMAR.
2. Air, *"My Dream of Love"*, Spohr. Mr. CROUCH.
3. Air, *"Holy, Holy"*, Handel. Mrs. CROUCH.
4. Romance—Piano Forte, Ch. Voss. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
5. German Song, *"Knowest thou the Land"*, Beethoven. Mr. CROUCH.

PART SECOND.

1. Air, *"Voi che Sapate"*, Mozart. Mrs. CROUCH.
2. Sonata, in D—Piano Forte, Mozart. Mr. KOTZSCHMAR.
3. Serenade, *"Could I thro' Ether fly"*, Moliere. Mr. CROUCH.
4. La Melancolie—Violoncello and Piano, Felicien David. Messrs. Jungnickel and KOTZSCHMAR.
5. Duo, *"La ci darem"*, Mozart. Mrs. and Mr. CROUCH.

